



Why Wooden Indians Are Rapidly Disappearing

WASHINGTON.—Not often is it now that one meets a wooden Indian on the streets of Washington. One more frequently meets the real Indian who has come from Oklahoma or Montana or some other far place to lodge a complaint at Washington against something or somebody. It was not very long ago that a wooden Indian, or a pair of wooden Indians, was as important to a tobacco store as red and green lights in a drug store window or a pole striped red and white or red, white and blue in front of a barber's.

Times have not gone well with the wooden Indian, and about two years ago the writer made a census of them in Washington, and after going all the principal streets from the river front to the boundary and undry branch to the Eastern branch, he did not find enough to furnish for a respectable census firm. They had become nearly extinct, and not gone to happy hunting ground, but had been otherwise disposed of.

owner of the big Indian which stood for uncounted years at the corner of Ninth and D streets northwest told the writer that the trust siew the wooden Indian. At first it was believed by men who coo that a wooden Indian was a partner in the business, that he was and that without him no customers would enter. About the time various tobacco companies began to merge they set the fashion of graphs, and these were of actresses and actors, and not of Indians. The new stores opened without setting up a wooden Indian. Police regulations began to interfere with wooden Indians who on the sidewalk. They seemed to get on the nerves of the police, and wooden signs as though they would halt passersby. They also carried knives and tomahawks, and although they did not carry concealed weapons, they made a menacing display of deadly weapons. There is no record that the wooden Indian ever hurt anybody, but the police commanded him to move on, or get off the earth or something like that. When the wooden Indians that still hung about the city began to split and crack and to lose their paint their owners took them in. In some cases it is said that they were thrown in the cellar and at length split up for kindling to feed the fire around which men gathered on winter evenings to discuss baseball prospects for next season. Nobody seemed longer to have any faith in the wooden Indian. A few specimens still linger on in Alexandria, and in passing along one of the streets there a few days ago the writer met one called Pocahontas, and took her picture.

They Are Called Alphonse and Gaston of Capital

SENATOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS of Illinois and Representative Andrew Jackson Montague of Virginia are the Alphonse and Gaston of congress. The Chesterfieldian manners of Lewis are well known through the middle West and the far West, where he formerly resided, but Montague is not so well known. He was formerly governor of Virginia, and Lewis is a native of that state, reared and schooled in Georgia, though later he attended the University of Virginia. Both, therefore, are Virginia gentlemen—whatever that may mean—and Virginia gentlemen, sah, do not fail to impress it upon their acquaintances that they are such.

The other day Lewis had the floor in the senate at the same time Montague had the floor in the house. Lewis was speaking in support of his resolution on Panama canal tolls and Montague was addressing himself to the Sims repeal bill in the house, advocating its adoption. Simultaneously the two Virginia gentlemen were quoting at length from Henry Clay. When the hour of two o'clock arrived Senator Lewis addressed the vice-president, said:

"Mr. President, pardon me if I pause. I observe that the hour of two o'clock has arrived, but I would like to proceed."

Senator McCumber, in charge of the unfinished business before the senate, which was the federal grain inspection bill, got unanimous consent to lay it aside temporarily in order that Lewis might continue his address. Then with profuse thanks the Illinois senator proceeded.

The writer chanced to be standing at the curb one evening discussing in a very practical way with Senator Lewis the very practical question of who was going to win out in the fight for the internal revenue collection at Peoria, Ill., when Montague came along. The conversation ceased as Lewis and Montague recognized each other, both raising their hats and saluting. Then for the mutual introduction and ten minutes of cross-fire of the amenities exchanged between the two Virginia gentlemen. It was beyond the pen or the brush of the cartoonist who made Alphonse and Gaston famous.

Old Woman in Gallery Helped to Curb Acerbities

THE United States senate a few days ago tried to transact business while an old lady in the gallery knitted wool socks and cast a meditative eye upon the doings and sayings of the solons assembled on the floor.

The senate made little headway. It was self-conscious. Perhaps it had a feeling that it was undergoing a criticism much keener than that of the press gallery.

The old lady sat and knitted. When the debate waxed warm she laid by her yarn and needles and listened. When things quieted down she took up her task. After the senators discovered what sort of an eye they were working under they became more circumspect and more temperate in their words and action.

Most senators are yet old enough to recall the aunt or the grandmother that knitted and knitted, without any lessening of mental activity. Those who are that old, or that fortunate, know the ultimate of criticism, and calm judgment, and detective ability. The play of the knitting needle seems to give its manipulator a supernatural calm. It seems to give the small boy who faces it a physical and central calm. So did truth use to come forth, and boogies fall to the ground, and evasions go up in the air and pretense shrivel and die.

We would that the senate in the exercise of its constitutional right as a self-governing body might in a moment of virtue elect some dear old lady knitter extraordinary to sit and knit, and look, and with the flash of her needles and the calm sophistication of her eye soothe the heated brow of rhetoric and bring back the normal temperatures of health and of truth.

Was It Case of Flea Bites or Just Phlebitis

ONE of Senator William J. Stone's ailments during his recent illness was phlebitis. The senator's physician has been reticent concerning the details of the senator's ailments, and it was only after Senator Stone got out and to feeling like his old self that the senator's ailments were made known. He was personally made known what was he trouble with one of his legs, which was getting all right again. His physician had formerly remarked that of seeking constituents had been telling the senator's leg too hard, and that was all that ailed it. The senator went to the capitol, on which when he first got out, but in a day or two he was feeling much better and suffering practically no pain and was, therefore, able to joke out his afflictions. He made some inquiry about phlebitis, and a pension claimer in the pension bureau told a story of a veteran of the Civil War dying for a pension. The applicant wrote a personal letter to the commissioner of pensions, setting forth that he had been a sufferer from phlebitis, and was entitled to a pension. The commissioner sent the case out to an examining board, in the county where the applicant resided, for investigation. In due time the report of the country doctor, chairman of the examining board, was received. It set forth that a thorough examination of the claimer substantiated the claim that he had been afflicted with phlebitis, and his right leg is spotted with the markings left by flea bites.

UTTERLY IRRESPONSIBLE

By HARTLEY B. ADAMS.

Cleely French put down the dolly she was embroidering and turned to the young man perched on the veranda rail.

"It's no use, Peter," she said. "You just waste your breath asking. I like you awfully well—that goes without saying, or I'd never spend so much time with you. But as to marrying you—no! You're too much of a child; you've never grown up. And one doesn't marry children."

Peter sat swinging his long legs and thinking deeply.

"So far as money and family go, I'm a good match—eh?" he asked at length.

"A perfectly good match, Peter," she agreed sweetly.

"And there's some other chap, is there?" he asked.

"You know there isn't," she replied. Again Peter cogitated.

"If I wasn't such a frightful kid—if I was a little more responsible, as you call it, not quite so light-headed and a little less careless about things, I might just barely possibly have a show with you. Is that right?" he inquired.

"You might under those conditions; but you never will be any different, Peter. You're so utterly irresponsible."

"Say, would you put me on probation for a year?" he asked suddenly.

"I will, for just one year," said she.

"But if at the end of that time you haven't made good, you're never to speak of marriage to me again."

Peter let out a whoop, stooped to brush his soft hair with his lips and went down the steps.

On a corner lot a crowd of urchins were having a lively scrub game of ball. Peter, feeling his head in the clouds, stopped to watch them for a moment.

An hour later Cleely, going to the village in her little electric runabout, beheld a shirt-sleeved man standing at the plate in that vacant lot. A bare-legged youth of some ten years was winding up in the pitcher's box. And the shirt-sleeved man was exhorting him:

"Aw, get it over once a week, will yer, bo? Gimme a square crack at it. Steady down a little, old boss. I want to bang the cover off'n it!"

The shirt-sleeved man at the plate was Peter Glover!

Cleely leaned out of the runabout. "An excellent beginning, Peter," she said sweetly, and the car whirled on. Peter shamefacedly put on his coat and resumed his homeward way.

"She's right. I am just a kid. I can't help it," he muttered.

But Peter took himself in hand. A year went past, and when for six whole months Peter had not failed punctually to keep his appointment, Cleely began to think he was really in earnest at last.

It was a June day—just such a perfect June day as that one a year ago when he had urged his probation period upon Cleely.

"Tomorrow," said Peter, "the year is up. You haven't any excuse, now, have you?"

"None," Cleely laughed softly.

"May I bring you the ring—say at three tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yes," said she.

At quarter of three next afternoon she went out on the veranda to wait for him. The minutes slipped past. Three o'clock came, but with it no Peter. Quarter past three, half past!

And still he did not come.

Cleely took the runabout and whisked angrily out of the yard. It was all one to her now whether he came or not. This was the first appointment he had failed to keep in a long time—but it would be the last with her. He was just the old irresponsible Peter after all.

She was passing a farmhouse on the outskirts of the village. She saw a big black racing car drawn up to the fence. It was Peter's car. Then from an apple tree near the stone wall she heard voices, two childish voices and another, which was Peter Glover's.

She slowed down the runabout. Through the thick foliage of the tree she caught sight of three figures in the branches. Peter Glover perched there with two thin-faced little girls.

"And this," Peter was saying, indicating a limb above his head, "is the upstairs bedroom."

The runabout came to a full stop.

"Peter," said Cleely, "it's five minutes past four."

Peter snatched his watch from his pocket. He looked at it ruefully.

"Good heavens!" he said, and slid out of the tree.

"I—I'd no idea it was so late," said he, coming out to the car, "and today of all days! Of course, I fished in his pocket and drew out a small morocco case, 'there's no use offering you this now—'

"None whatever," said she coldly.

"You're just the same utterly irresponsible kid."

Peter gulped.

"I don't know how I came to stay here so long," said he. "You see, those two up in the tree are fresh-air kids staying at the farm here. The people in the house get \$3 a week apiece for boarding 'em. They don't do anything else for 'em, but just feed and house 'em."

"They were sort of lost and frightened out here in the country. They didn't know how to play, either. I've seen 'em as I passed in the car. So today I stopped just for a moment to show 'em how to play house in an apple tree—just to make 'em a little happier and contented. They look as if they needed it. I didn't realize I was staying so long."

He paused, half-ashamed. "This isn't an excuse," he supplemented.

Cleely leaned toward him out of the car. She was extending the third finger of her left hand to him.

"Please put the ring on, Peter," she said softly, "and then help me into the apple tree. If you won't grow up, I'll grow down to you."

(Copyright, 1917, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Group of high-producing registered Jersey cows, all home-bred by a Kentucky farmer. He began on a rented farm. Good cows and careful cropping have paid for his splendidly equipped 400-acre farm.

DAIRY FARMING AND SOIL FERTILITY

IMPORTANT TO KENTUCKY FARMERS

Dairy Farming Encourages the Rotation of Crops and the Growing of Grass and Forage—Constant Growing of Grain Removes Large Quantities of Plant Food

(W. D. Nicholls, Dairy Department, College of Agriculture, Kentucky State University.)

Dairy farming encourages the rotation of crops and the growing of grass and forage. It is a well-known fact that the growing of grain continuously and selling it off of the land removes large quantities of plant food, destroys the humus, and causes the surface to wash into gullies.

The value of crop rotation in connection with stock raising is shown by the following results obtained by the Missouri Experiment Station:

	Present yield bushel per acre
With corn, 17 years in succession. 11.8	
With corn, wheat, clover, each 1 year for 17 years. 50.7	
With corn, oats, wheat, clover, timothy, each 1 year for 17 years. 54.2	
With corn, wheat, clover, each 1 year for 17 years, and land manured. 77.6	

Dairy farming allows most of the fertility contained in crops to remain on the farm. The cow returns in her manure $\frac{3}{4}$ of the nitrogen and 9-10 of the phosphorus and potash contained in her feed. If the skim milk is fed to calves or pigs, practically all the fertility is retained on the farm. While 1 ton of wheat worth \$25 removes \$7.00 worth of fertility, 1 ton of butter worth \$500 removes only 50 cents worth.

This explains why grain farming exhausts and dairying improves the land.

Grass Farmers Most Prosperous.

It is a well-known fact that the most productive farms in Kentucky are those on which grazing is largely practiced. Over a series of years it is the grass farmer who is the most prosperous and has the comfortable bank account.

Kentucky's average corn yield is 29 bushels per acre, and her wheat yield less than 12 bushels per acre. In England, where the land has been cultivated for nearly a thousand years, the average wheat yield is 31 bushels per acre, or more than two and one-half times that of Kentucky. Investigation shows that England is essentially a grass and hay country, and this accounts for the large crop yields.

THE ART OF MAKING MOME-MADE JELLY

(Miss Aubrey Chinn, Department of Home Economics, Kentucky State University.)

Jelly is one of the attractive and convenient ways of preserving fruit juices. Only those fruit juices which contain pectin and usually acid can be used for this purpose.

Pectin is a carbohydrate material akin to starch, which is in solution in the fiber and juices of fruit, and upon the proper combination of acid, sugar and pectin, when they are heated together, is precipitated in a solid jellylike mass. Some fruits contain enough pectin and natural acid and sugar to make this jelly without the addition of any outside substance, but the product has been found to be cloudy in appearance and not so palatable as when made by diluting the fruit juice with water and adding sugar. Again, fruit is usually more expensive than the sugar and water with which it is diluted, so that this latter method is more economical. The more pectin and acid there is present in fruit the more the juice may be diluted. For instance, in the case of orange and grapefruit marmalade, pectin is contained in the white inner skin of the orange and grapefruit, and by using the whole fruit we may dilute with water the fruit juice and pulp obtained, as much as three times, and still have a jelly of firm consistency.

There are a few practical applications of the scientific study of jelly, its constitution and proper chemical composition that it will help every housekeeper to follow.

1. As a rule, use as little water as possible in cooking the fruit to obtain the juice. Excess of water requires more sugar and is inclined to make the jellyropy when finished, because the pectin has been too much diluted.

2. Cook the fruit thoroughly at first. The pectin is imbedded in the woody fiber of the fruit, therefore, this fiber must be softened before it can be obtained. Miss Goldswort proved by experiment that a jelly could be made from the pulp of grapes after the first juice had been extracted, by

boiling the pulp with a small quantity of water. This jelly proved to be of better quality than that made from the first extraction of the juice, because it did not have the potassium tartrate crystals that so often appear in grape jelly. This experiment also proved that much pectin is often left in the pulp of the fruit used. It also suggests to the housekeeper that the first extraction of juice may be bottled as such, and jelly made from the usually discarded pulp.

3. Use a thick flannel bag and allow plenty of time for juice to strain. Pressing the bag is likely to cause a cloudy jelly.

4. Add sugar after the strained jelly has begun to boil, using not more than three-fourths of a cup of sugar to one cup of juice.

5. If the proportions are correct the jelly should be ready to pour out shortly after boiling. Boiling tends always to make the jelly sticky. Some experts give 217.4 degrees Fahrenheit as the temperature at which the liquid should be poured into glasses, and will, on cooling, "set."

6. Jelly should be covered in the glass with a thin coat of paraffine, to prevent mould from attacking it.

Note.—If the fruit juice does not congeal, the addition of some organic acid found naturally in fruit such as citric and tartaric may be added and will usually produce the desired result.

An economical winter conserve:

Grape Fruit Marmalade.
One grapefruit, one orange, one lemon. Remove the seeds and put all fruit, pulp and skin through the meat-chopper. Measure juice and pulp, and for every cup add three cups of water and allow to stand over night. The next day boil ten minutes and allow to stand 24 hours. Again measure and add three-fourths of a cup of sugar to every cup of pulp and juice. Boil until it congeals when tested in a cold saucer or when it drops off the spoon in a jelly-like mass. Pour into glasses. This recipe will fill from 12 to 14 jelly glasses.

VERY IMPORTANT CROP.

Hay is a very important crop where there are animals to feed. No farmer can afford to buy hay for his animals with cotton his children produce. A liberal acreage in hay should be planted so that the animals will be properly cared for.

The collar is half the harness—and the tugs are the other half.

Has the seed been tested?

When the chicks stand around listlessly and peep, lice very often are to blame.

Ordinary cases of chapped teats can be cured by rubbing vasoline into them.

Few cows kick out of pure cussedness, and you can never reform those that do.

The lack of good, sharp grit is the cause of many poultry ailments. Its digestion is one of the principal ones.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By O. E. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 17

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 16:14-15, 19-31. GOLDEN TEXT.—"Whoso stetheth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall also cry, but shall not be heard." Prov. 21:13.

Verses 14 and 15 link this parable with the teaching of Jesus about covetousness and stewardship. Verse 15 is a most heart-searching one. It demands that we look well to the standards by which we measure our conduct, I Sam. 16:7. That the teaching of Jesus was effective is evidenced by the statement of verse 14. These Pharisees were naturally cool, cynical, calculating and their scoffing shows that Jesus had probed them deeply. Their love of money—service of mammon—made them unfaithful in their professed stewardship. In the intervening verses (16-18) Jesus condemns their attitude of seeking to justify themselves in the sight of men, declaring such an attempt to be useless in the sight of God. The methods men exalt are an abomination to him. No jot or tittle of the law can fall. This he emphasizes by an illustration about the binding nature of the marriage relationship. We get our suggested two-fold division of this lesson from I Tim. 4:8.

Why He Is Condemned.

I. The Life That Now Is, vv. 19-22. The revised version for verse 19, "Now there was a certain rich man"—indicates even stronger than the King James version that this is the story of a historical incident. Jesus did not mention the rich man's name, nor does he enumerate his moral delinquencies. Even morality cannot save a man from punishment in the next life. Nor is this rich man condemned because he is rich. He is condemned because he sought to enjoy his pleasures in this life, squandering his time and his money upon sensual pleasures, ignoring the need of those at his door. Jesus had just told these Pharisees how to use money (v. 9), see I Tim 6:17-19. A wrong use of money damns a man. A few paltry charities or even larger gifts given for ostentatious display will not suffice. There was, however, no real joy to the rich man in his life as he sought sensual satisfaction, Eccl. 1:8. Lazarus lying at the door was a living rebuke to his self-indulgence. Here is another of those vivid pictures that not alone reveal the misery but makes an indelible impression on the mind. It is better, however, to be a beggar, naked and hungry in this life and go to heaven hereafter, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season and be forever in torment in the life to come. The name Lazarus means "God his help" and is an indication of his character. It did not look as though God was "mindful of his own" but the sequel abundantly corrects such an idea. Poverty and distress are not proof that God is displeased with men, and we believe are not due to any fault of God. He promises to supply (Phil. 4:19) though we may sometimes hunger I Cor. 4:11; II Cor. 11:27; Phil. 4:12. The dogs were better friends for Lazarus than the rich man though he must have known who Lazarus was (v. 24) as well as having knowledge of his need (v. 25).

Contrast the death of the two. It was a privilege for the poor man to die, Phil. 1:21-23, not so for the rich man, going from this life he left all and had no deposit in the bank of heaven to draw upon for the future life, Matt. 19:21; Luke 12:20-21. The rich man had his funeral with leading citizens as pall-bearers, the poor man "was buried" but angels were his companions.

Positions Reversed.

II. The Life Which Is to Come, vv. 23-31. Unconscious of the need of others, here the rich man is very much conscious of his own need in hades when subject to torment and anguish. There is no need of trying to minimize or to "explain" nor to deny these words of Jesus. Hell is for the willfully disobedient, and was never prepared for man (Matt. 25:41). On earth he saw Lazarus "at his gate," now with Abraham, resting "in his bosom." Their positions are reversed, the petitioner is now the rich man who begs for "mercy," though in life he showed none at all. His plea was for his tongue; that organ had been pampered in life but now it is in misery, because deprived of earthly satisfaction. The solemnity of this lesson is very great. As we have suggested Luke does not call this a parable. It is possible that Jesus' auditors knew the very people of whom he was speaking, some notoriously wealthy citizens recently deceased, and some well-known alms-seekers. For a moment our Lord withdraws the curtain to let those about him read the story, catch, for an instant, a glimpse. He shows us that the attitudes of today determine the destinies of tomorrow. The experience of life beyond death is determined by the use of the life "that now is." The gate of heaven is without our self-centered life and often takes the form of a beggar. To wrongly employ our wealth, to live within the grasp of selfishness will shut the gate of heaven in our own faces. If we pass without that gate of selfishness and minister, presently we find we have made a friend in the life beyond. It is not the crumbs we give the beggar, that which we do not miss, it must be self-emptying service and honest efforts to serve and relieve needy men. Men do not, of course, enter heaven by philanthropy, that is quite evident for Lazarus did not have the means of philanthropic activity. The rich man then makes request for his brothers. This seems like a covert excuse for his own conduct (v. 30). It was not more light that they needed but more co-operation to the light they already possessed.

PROBABLY SET HIM THINKING

Tailor Learned in Unexpected Manner Just How He Looked to the Wholesale Firm.

Samson, a country tailor, visited a large wholesale warehouse in the city and ordered a quantity of goods. He was politely received and one of the principals showed him over the establishment. On reaching the fourth floor the customer saw a speaking tube on the wall, the first he had ever seen. "What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is a speaking tube. It is a great convenience. We can talk with it to the clerks on the first floor without taking the trouble of going downstairs."

"Can they hear anything that you say through it?"

"Certainly."

"The visitor put his mouth to the tube and asked:

"Are Samson's goods packed yet?"

The people in the office supposed it was the salesman who had asked the question and in a moment the distinct reply came back:

"No. We are waiting for a reply from his banker. He looks like a slippery customer."

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

Greenwood, Ind.—"First my hair began to fall, then my scalp itched and burned when I became warm. I had pimples on my scalp; my hair was falling out gradually until I had scarcely any hair on my head. I couldn't keep the dandruff off at all. My hair was dry and lifeless and I lost rest at night from the terrible itching sensation. I would pull my hat off and scratch my head any place I happened to be."

"For several years I was bothered with pimples on my face. Some of them were hard red spots, some were full of matter, and many blackheads. I was always picking at them and caused them to be sore. They made my face look so badly I was ashamed to be seen."

"I tried massage creams for my face and all kinds of hair tonic and home-made remedies, but they only made things worse. Nothing did the work until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I washed my face with the Cuticura Soap, then put plenty of Cuticura Ointment on. Three months' use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment has made my face as smooth and clean as can be." (Signed) C. M. Hamilton, Sept. 24, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Turning the Page.

A testator, after citing the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him at the bottom of the first page of his will ten thousand dollars, of course, thought the delighted legatee, but on turning the page he found the missing word to be "thanks."

A similar story is told of an old lady who, in her last illness, promised the priest to leave him a sum of money for parish purposes. When she was dying she asked the priest to come nearer the bedside, and gasped out: "Father—I've given you—"

"Stop," said the priest, anxious to have as many witnesses as possible; "I will call in the family, and, opening the door, he beckoned them all in. "I've given you," panted out the dying woman, "a great deal of trouble."

Biggest Rubber Tree of All.

What is believed to be the largest rubber tree in the world stands in the Brazilian territory of Acre, on the frontier of Bolivia. Its stem is 27 feet 2 7/10 inches in circumference at the base. For 130 years every year this colossal gives 22 pounds of rubber a day. At present prices this brings in \$2,160 a year, or a fair interest on about \$50,000, to its owners, a family of seven Serigneiros.

What He Did Know.

One day Johnny was digging potatoes when a man came along the road. The man was surprised to see Johnny working so hard. Then he asked: "Johnny, what will you get for digging these potatoes?"

Johnny turned around and said: "I don't know what I will get for digging them, but I do know what I will get if I don't dig them!"

HAPPY NOW

Family of Twelve Drink Postum.

"It certainly has been a blessing in our home" writes a young lady in regard to Postum.

"I am one of a family of twelve, who, before using Postum, would make a healthy person uncomfortable by their complaining of headache, dizziness, sour stomach, etc., from drinking coffee."

"For years mother suffered from palpitation of the heart, sick headache and bad stomach and at times would be taken violently ill. About a year ago she quit coffee and began Postum."

"My brother was troubled with headache and dizziness all the time he drank coffee. All those troubles of my mother and brother have disappeared since Postum has taken the place of coffee."

"A sister was ill nearly all her life with headache and heart trouble, and about all she cared for was coffee and tea. The doctors told her she must leave them alone, as medicine did her no permanent good."

"She thought nothing would take the place of coffee until we induced her to try Postum. Now her troubles are all gone and she is a happy little woman, enjoying life as people should."

Name given by the Postum Co., Rattle Creek